

A Helpful Page for Practical Housekeepers.

AMERICAN WOMEN OF A BYGONE DAY

The Unforgotten Charm of Their Dignity and Their Exquisite Grace.

Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, in her charming book, "Through Colonial Doorways," in a chapter on "New York Balls and Receptions," says that Mrs. Washington, the wife of the first President, gathered around her, at her formal receptions in New York, the noblest and most beautiful women in the land.

The authors, after mentioning some of these women by name, goes on to say: Does there not seem to have been an indefinable charm of exquisiteness and dignity about these old-time dames, like the fragrance that surrounds some fine and stately oaks? They had abundant leisure to make their daily sacrifice to the graces, and they always appear in full toilet, hair rolled or curled, slippers high of heel and gown of stiff brocade or satin.

These fair ladies are never caught on Keshabille. One reads of some of the belles of the period sitting all night with their pyramidal heads propped up against pillows, because the hair-dresser could not make his round without attending to some heads the night before the ball. This was "souffrir pour etre belle" with a vengeance; yet deeming it all in keeping with their stately elegance, for which they had to pay a price, one never stops to think of how these poor necks must have ached, choosing rather to dwell upon their triumphs when they entered the ball-room.

One enjoys the picturesque beauty of these stately ancestors, and, with never a thought of their higher good, recalls their conquests with enthusiasm, wishing that for one brief moment one could turn back and feel what they felt when the world was at their feet. It was a very small world, measured by present standards, but it was the largest that they knew, and it was all their own.

What a gay pageant that old social life now seems. One almost forgets that the picture is limned against the stern background of war, for it is one in which the shadows have all faded out, leaving only the bright colors upon the canvas. Let it remain so. Why should we weep over sorrows so long past? The sting has all gone from them, and surely there can be no harm come to this generation from dwelling upon the beauty and grace of those fair ladies who ruled society a hundred or so years ago.

"Eic transit gloria mundi," cries the moralist, but the glory has not all passed away, as is proved by one's lingering over it now, nor need it be quite effaced from the gay life of to-day, if hearts still beat as true under silk and brocade as did those of the fathers and mothers of the republic beneath broadened bodices and satin waistcoats.



BERTHA HONORE PALMER.

Mrs. Palmer is a daughter of Henry H. Honore, was born in Louisville, Ky., and is a graduate of the convent school at Georgetown, D. C. She married Potter Palmer, of Chicago, in 1871, and was widowed May 4, 1902. Mrs. Palmer was elected in 1901 president of the Board of Lady Managers for the World's Columbian Exposition, visited Europe and interested governments there in the fair.

She was appointed by the President as the only lady member of National Commission for Paris Exposition in 1900, and was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Her residence is No. 100 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Mrs. Palmer is one of the foremost of American social leaders and is recognized as a woman of force at home and abroad.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Cues for the Cook.

Among the newest fads of epicures is mint jelly, a novelty as delicious to the palate, as it is pleasing to the eye. It is made from fresh sprigs of mint that are boiled and strained, mixed with heated sugar and enough gelatine to bring the liquid to the right consistency. It is served with lamb and with some kinds of game.

Queen Anne Mince Pie.

The following recipe is taken from a cook book published in 1765 and has therefore the flavor both of age and excellence to commend it. The directions say: "Take a large cow's tongue and parboil it. To three pounds of tongue take five pounds of beef suet, cut the tongue in thin slices, and shred it, but shred the suet by itself; when they are both pretty fine, put in the suet by degrees, keep shredding them both together till they are as fine almost as flour, then put in three pounds of currants, being first cleaned, washed, picked and dried; cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, beat very fine, of all together three-quarters of an ounce, half a pound of white sugar, a pound of dates stoned and shred small, three

ounces of green citron, three ounces of candied orange, cut into small thin bits, the yellow rind of two raw lemons grated, three spoonfuls of verjuice, a gill of Malaga sack, half a gill of rosewater; these being well mingled all your pie; have a care they do not stand too long in the oven to dry after they are just enough.

Barberry Jelly.

A rival to the modernness of mint jelly is barberry jelly, made from the beautiful red berries of a Japanese species of the barberry now a feature of ornamental planting in the gardens of country homes. Barberry jelly has a rich, spicy taste, and is esteemed most desirable to serve with woodcock, the favorite bird of the hypercritical in search of the delicacies that the season affords.

Herb Cocktail.

The herb cocktail, said to possess the merit of wholesomeness, is manufactured in Germany and sent to America in brown glass bottles that cost about two dollars each. The herb cocktail is an appetizer and a tonic that leaves behind no evil effects. Taken before luncheon, it seems delightfully new.

White Grape Juice.

The ordinary red grape juice is no longer in vogue. White Muscat grapes must supply the juice for fashionable people now through the leading grocers of Chicago. The liquor, par excellence, however, is that made from grape fruit that has a clear, decided flavor like the fruit and is put up in highly attractive bottles. It is a great improvement over rum, which has grown threadbare from long usage.

Lemon Pudding.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and when melted stir in by degrees one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of corn flour, the two having been previously mixed together. As soon as the ingredients form a perfectly smooth paste, add gradually, stirring all the time, one pint of milk. Continue to stir until the mixture has boiled and thickened. Remove the pan from the stove and add three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, the grated rind of a large lemon and a tablespoonful of brandy or one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat in by degrees the yolks of two eggs which have been whipped, and if handy one tablespoonful of finely chopped candied lemon peel. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of the two eggs and whisk to a firm froth. When the pudding is cool stir in the strained juice of the lemon, a little at a time, and then the whites of the eggs. Line a pudding dish with very light pastry, pour in the lemon mixture and bake in a fairly quick oven until the top is lightly and evenly browned. The heat must not be fierce nor should the pudding be allowed to remain in the oven more than twenty or thirty minutes, or it will curdle and be spoiled.

Where Babies Swim.

"I shall open the winter in Samoa," said a traveler. "It is always summer there. There the babies swim."

"Can you imagine a quainter, a more charming sight than a host of babies, none over two years old, laughing and crowing and swimming like fish in pools of clear sea water?"

"You will see this sight in Samoa. Samoan women believe sea baths benefit babies and in that equable climate they bathe their little ones daily the year round."

"The youngsters soon learn to swim. They can swim before they can walk."

"And to see these pretty brown babies swimming in the sea is well worth a 6,000 mile trip to Samoa."—Exchange.

It Was His Anti-Fat.

Stout Aunt (who has arrived on a visit to Charlie, a "Won't you come and kiss Aunt Polly?")

Charlie (surveying her in awe): "You're not Aunt Polly. You're Aunt Fat. I saw your picture in the paper this morning."

Poet's Corner.

We Cruel Mortals.

We talk of teaching kindness, yet 'tis plain enough that we
Are often negligent in this regard, as
you can see.
What act more cruel than to dig the
eyes out of potatoes
Or break the squash's neck or coolly
slice up the tomatoes?
'Tis grievous to think of pulling off the
ears of corn.
And one of sympathetic heart indignantly has sworn
That only he who bears the stamp of an
unfeeling felon
Would have the nerve to knife a peach
or plug a watermelon.
We spill the blood of beets without the
slightest hesitation
And cut the hearts out of the trees with-
out deliberation.
We chop the heads of cabbages; we pull
the beards of rye;
We squeeze the lemon, thresh the wheat,
and brutally we try
To peel the onion, crush the fruit and
strip lemons, then
We jam the currants, and we show our
heartless nature when
We mash the turnips, whip the cream
and grind the coffee-berry.
And, shocking as it may appear, we al-
ways stone the cherry.
We pound the meat, we chop the wood
and very seldom fail
To lick the necessary stamp when we
despatch the mail.
We strike the match, we switch the car,
we strap the trunk—ah, me!
We mortals lack in kindness, as you
certainly can see.
We very often cane the chairs and ex-
ecute a deed
We beat the egg; we punch the bar;
and then forthwith proceed
To crack the ice and grind the wheat
and strike an attitude.
Indeed we mortals show ourselves as
often brusk and rude;
So of our charitable acts let's not speak
boastfully—
We mortals lack in kindness, as you
certainly can see.

—Exchange.

Time.

She brought away the rose he gave,
Once from a garden fair,
With eyes but that one rose
Of all the roses there.

Now when the patient summers bring
Their chastened roses red,
She sees and loves them all because
Of one rose—long since dead.

—Harold Weeden.

Snowflakes.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments
shaken.
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expres-
sion,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

Mutation.

Till comes the crescent Moon,
We worship each a Star;
But in the reign of Noon,
Alike forgotten are
The least and the larger light
That ruled the destinies of Night.

Anon, the darkness near,
Within their dim domain,
To Memory appear
The twilight gods again;
And Reverence beneath their sway
Forgets the sovereignty of Day.

—Father Tabb.

OUR SHAKESPEARE CONTEST.

The editor of the Woman's Page offers a prize of five dollars to the woman sending in the best set of answers to the twenty questions published below on "The Taming of the Shrew."

The questions must be mailed so as to reach this office by January 31st. They must be directed to the editor of the Woman's Page, care of Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

No one can send in more than one answer to the same question. Answers should be numbered, written briefly and to the point. With every list of answers, a printed list of questions, clipped from The Times-Dispatch, must be inclosed.

Attention is called to the published list of plays announced for competitive study during the year.

Names of prize-winners and prize answers to questions will be published on the second Sunday of each month.

QUESTIONS.

1. What Elizabethan play, in which the husband is dominated by a wife's influence, may be considered a sequel to "Taming of the Shrew"?
2. At what period in the career of Shakespeare was "The Taming of the Shrew" produced?
3. Was it customary in Shakespeare's day for women of high social position to study Greek, Latin and other languages?
4. What does Shakespeare accomplish in Act I. of this play, as noted by the careful observer and reader?
5. Did Petruchio select Sunday as his wedding day because that was the usual fashion in Elizabethan England?
6. Why does Shakespeare describe the wedding of Katherine and Petruchio by narrative, rather than by action?
7. What information does the reader derive in regard to the Elizabethan stage from the stage directions given at the beginning of Scene II?
8. What dramatic purpose had Shakespeare in a detailed description of Katherine and Petruchio?
9. What is Katherine's description of her treatment by her husband, and what passionate protest against this treatment does she make?
10. What dispute takes place between Petruchio and Katherine as to the sun and moon?
11. What is the effect on Hortensio of Petruchio's conquest of Katherine?
12. What does Katherine say on the subject of the duty owed by wives to their lords?
13. How does Shakespeare's portrayal of love and courtship compare in this play with that pictured in "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It" and "Winter's Tale"?
14. Who founded the University of Padua, referred to in this play, and what celebrated men were students there?
15. From what did Shakespeare take the character of Grissel, or Griselda?
16. What position did the city of Venice hold among European capitals in Shakespeare's day?
17. Was it customary in Shakespeare's time for wine to be drunk in the church at weddings and for the groom to kiss his bride?
18. What was the use of a "censer" in a private apartment, as referred to in Scene III of the play?
19. Who were Apollo, Semiramis, Cytherea, Io, Daphne?
20. Do you conclude that in the end Katherine had won Petruchio's affection?

LIST OF PLAYS.

February—"Merchant of Venice."
March—"Much Ado About Nothing."
April—"Winter's Tale."
May—"Romeo and Juliet."
June—"Othello."
July—"Henry VIII."
August—"Julius Caesar."
September—"Midsummer Night's Dream."
October—"As You Like It."
November—"King Lear."
December—"Hamlet."

WHEN IN A HURRY COME TO FULL STOP

Make Speed By Taking on Less Haste.

A woman who is hurried is apt to lose her wits. Sometimes the number of things to be gotten through with in a given space of time seems utterly hopeless, and becomes despairing from a frantic dash of energy, which only gets affairs into a worse tangled muddle without accomplishing any satisfactory result.

The time of apparent hurry is the time of all others for a woman to learn how to make speed by taking less haste. Women have never yet acquired this art which has hitherto been characteristic, especially of men, and has proved often an invaluable aid at a crisis when nothing but a cool head and a steady hand could avert disaster.

Whatever a woman's work may be, whether it lies in her own home, or outside of it, there will come times when responsibilities seem more than she can shoulder; when duties undone stare her in the face; when the demon of haste stands whispering at her ear: "Hurry, hurry, hurry! but hurry as you may, you will never get through!"

Then if the woman can simply make up her mind not to hurry, but to take hold of her problem with ease and deliberation, the chances are that it will

be successfully solved. If it can't be done, nothing worse than the worst can happen, and the one chance for accomplishment lies in the taking of matters coolly.

Just when the demand for haste sounds its most imperative call, is the critical moment; the moment which in the public and private world, in business and in social life, great and little successes and failures are imminent. Men count it one of their chief points of their superiority over women, that they know how to meet such emergencies, deliberately and often, in this way, bring good fortune from the very jaws of apparent defeat.

Lastly, but not least, good looks will be preserved, wrinkles will be avoided and nervous prostration held at bay by the woman who knows how to take the masculine code of steadiness and turns it to account in her time of need.

Housemothers' Hints.

A crochet needle is a necessity in a darning bag. By its use a dropped stitch may be arrested and crocheted up to the place where it started, leaving no traces to show where it started.

Anchor and emery to the end of a needle cushion and so save time and temper. Have a separate cushion for needles and pins.

In order to turn a narrow and perfectly even hem in table napkins, put the hemmer attachment on the sewing machine without threading the needle. Run the napkin through the hemmer without sewing them, and they are creased as narrow as desired and are all ready for hand sewing.

A scrap basket in the kitchen will supply a real want. A coal scuttle is a poor place to throw scraps of paper, and discarded boxes. The basket should be of the substantial variety.

A good plan in buying a box of hosiery is to mark each pair with a number and wear them in consecutive order. Thus of 22 be changed for 3-3 and equal amount of wear and quick discovery of shortage will be insured.

The disagreeable odor which clings to articles which have been cleaned in gasoline may be entirely removed, if they are hung first in the open air for several hours, and then before a register, so that a current of warm air may blow through them. Remember not before a fire, as that will do it no good and is besides, dangerous, even after they have been thoroughly aired.

When gravy has been spilled upon the tablecloth, rub the grease spot thoroughly with French chalk on both sides of the cloth. Fold it away, with the chalk upon it, until the next time the cloth is needed. Then lightly brush off the chalk, whisking with a wool and the cloth will be found to be spotless.

Use a rubber bottle flower sprinkler, holding about a pint of water, for sprinkling clothes and it will be found most efficacious.

Both Were Barbarous.

Professor Starr, the famous ethnologist, was in his humorous and whimsical way accusing women of barbarism.

"And she is not only barbarous—she is illogical and inconsistent," he exclaimed.

"I was walking in the country one day with a young woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to skin a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see it. There was a box."

"You wicked little boy," said my companion. "Are you going up there to rob that nest?"

"I am," the boy replied slyly.

"How can you?" she exclaimed. "Think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she won't care," said the boy. "She's up there in her nest."



THE ALLOVER LACE WAIST.

The combination of two or more laces, each of different weight and pattern, is strongly marked in the later productions, and especially so in the separate waist of dressy intent. Here a white Venice is mounted over a white chiffon cloth foundation, and a very elaborate yoke effect is given by the use of Valenciennes medallions, which surround lattice work medallions of narrow white tulle strips, this lattice work and medallions running well down over the shoulder line and forming the high collar supported by tiny featherbones, and also the bell shaped cuff of the double puffed sleeve. The closing, as in all waists of this character, is in the back.



EVENING COAT IN THE EMPIRE MODE.

The empire mode, so marked a feature of the winter styles, is admirably carried out in the coat illustrated, the material of which is a very pale blue broadcloth. The skirt is of the seven-eighths length, the fronts and back laid in several deep pleats, these held in place with large covered buttons of the cloth. The side seams are left open to about knee depth, these also trimmed with the buttons. The waist portion is joined to the skirts with a pretty collar and vest effect, and here mother-of-pearl buttons mounted with silver are set. The full bishop sleeve with its outward flaring cuff also has an inset of the black velvet. This touch of black in a white or light colored costume is distinctly French, and accorded much favor on this side of the water, too.

In the Dining Room.

Dinner Parties.

A favorite form of entertainment during midwinter inclines the hostess to have her friends in to dinner, if dinner parties can be spoken of in such formal-wise.

Decorations for these January dinners become more and more elaborate with the advent of each season. Roses, hyacinths, aglaises, all contribute their beauty in the way of lavish decoration. Asparagus fern lends the delicate fringing of green necessary to bring out the rich glow of color. Palms, placed here and there throughout drawing-rooms, halls and dining-room supply a finish is effect that nothing else can give.

It is quite essential now that a perfectly well-appointed dinner should be discussed to an accompaniment of music, a good pianist or a pianist and violinist supplying the programme, which crowns the enjoyment of host, hostess and guests supplying the aesthetic element without which the repast must forever fall short of perfection.

In the line of delicacies offered to tempt the palate, the January hostess is especially fortunate, the market offering many tempting suggestions in the way of game, fish and fruits. At a recent dinner, given to a score of friends by a young hostess, decorations throughout were in white Roman hyacinths and red azaleas, with palms and asparagus ferns for the table. The menu included:

Menu.

Chicken Broth served in white and gold cups.
Baked Shad with stuffing.
Lettuce and Pinola Salad. Mangoes, Radishes.
White and Brown Bread sliced thin.
Broiled Pheasant on toast. Grape Jelly.
Champagne.
Chopped Celery with Mayonnaise.
Roast Turkey. Oyster Pates.
Creamed Salsify. Potato Balls.
French Peas in white and gold cases.
Frozen Charlotte Russe with Maraschino Cherries.
Angel Food Cake.
Bar-le-due Cheese. Crackers. Coffee.

Progressive Dinners.

The recent holiday season has afforded the young people of Richmond and Virginia an excuse for much merriment in the way of what they are pleased to term "progressive dinners."

The plan pursued by the diners and their respective hostesses can best be made plain by reference to a recent affair of this sort, in which the girls and their escorts, numbering a dozen couples, paraded joyously of grape fruit with one interlarded of oyster cocktail with another; of bouillon with a third; of fish with a fourth; oyster pates with a fifth; turkey and cranberry jelly with a sixth; lemon ice with a seventh; chicken and fruit salad, ice cream and cake, coffee, cheese and crackers, with the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh. As half an hour was allowed in progressing, for the consumption of each course, the partakers hereof had quite a long drawn out dinner party, in which to taste the joys of the New Year and the pleasure of intercourse with congenial spirits.

Largest Thater in the World.
London has a new music hall, called